THE

HARVARD REGISTER.

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DAY BEFORE COMMENCEMENT.

Scene.—No. 4, *Holworthy.—Doctor X. in an arm chair smoking.—Some one at the door knocking.*

Doctor X. (*at the height of his voice.*) Come in. Why, Tom, my dear fellow, how are you?

Tom. How are you, Doctor, how are you?

Doctor X. Just from the city to take a "Peep at the Pilgrims?" Draw up a chair and make a settlement. Take a cigar. You look like a gentleman in that citizen's. Class of '27 for ever! Their last appearance on any stage tomorrow!

Tom. Yes, to-morrow is the last day of grace for us—no more cracking jokes and sending away time in cigar smoke—no more "Noctes cœnæque Deûm"—no more being *screwed* on a plane and taken up for *dead* under an air-pump. No more heads out and go it ——. "Othello's occupation 's gone." We are "moving with accelerated motion" in "the line of swiftest descent."

Doctor X. Ay, Tom, (*knocking off the ashes from his cigar*) it's "the motion of heavy bodies."

Tom. Yes, faith, I feel heavy enough for one—just come out of B's room—glasses down—beds and bedding rolled up in one corner, exchanging valedictories with the bedstead—chairs, tables, pictures, selling off to the highest bidder—

every thing giving "dreadful note of preparation." It gave me an extemporaneous fit of the blues.

Doctor X. Yes, it's rather a *moving* scene. I've had my heart in my mouth two or three times. Take another cigar.

Tom. Well, what are we going to do to-morrow?

Doctor X. Do! Why, do well, I hope. Show 'em we are men of *parts*.

Tom. Zounds! It will be very evident that some of us are men of *no parts*.

Doctor X. Poh! poh! Man, they can't help seeing they have been *partial* to all of us in a *degree*. But the poet saith,

"If *parts* allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Tom. Ha! ha! ha! You make me laugh, Doctor, you make me laugh.

Doctor X. *(singing.)*

"Why what 's the use of sighing,
Since Time is on the wing,
Can we prevent its flying?
Then merrily, merrily sing."

Tom. Well, now Doctor in good earnest, what do you mean to do with yourself when you come out?

Doctor X. Do? Why, I'll tell you what I mean to do. Leave off my lazy habits in the first place—smoke no cigars, and have Dr. Waterhouse in gilt—drink no wine—own no arm-chair, and stick to the law, Tom, without a *Poney*. That's what —— means to do sir. I've had an easy time *in* College, and enjoyed well the "Otium cum dignitate"—the learned leisure of a scholar's life—always despised *digging*, you know—and what with *ticking*, *screwing*, and *deading*, am candidate for a piece of parchment to-morrow, certifying that I am admitted to be by all A. B! which being interpreted is *A Booby!!* a passport all the world over. And now for the law. Sir, the law is a noble profession—to protect innocence, to punish guilt, and guard the liberties of the country. Sir, it is *great* to lead a client out of the mazes of the law by the thread of one's argument—as Ariadne lead Theseus from the labyrinth—a noble profession. A man may rise to eminence in it. But in Physic—in Divinity—a man's genius is curtailed—yes, sir, curtailed—it *cannot* rise—

there is no means—no desire—no scope for it—you may laugh, if you please, but because some of us have done nothing as yet, is no reason why we should not do something in future—we start fresh in the race—the most distinguished men in this country were thought nothing of in College.

Tom. Just exactly so, Doctor, (and by the way you *loom* in your classical reminiscences.) I was telling my uncle so very eloquently the other day at dinner—laying down his knife and fork *so* coolly, it would have done your heart good to have seen him, with a significant look that looked me into insignificance—Hark' ye, Tom, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" Zounds! the girls began to titter—never was such a damper—I poured some brandy into my porter.

Doctor X. You're a fool, Tom, and your uncle too—(*lighting another cigar.*) What do you mean to do with *yourself?*

Tom. That's a question I never could answer. The Professions are full—mercantile life is dull—was once turned out of a school—terms, "two and three pence a week, and find yourself," for disciplining the children by *rule*, and not eating dough dumplings and unskinned cucumbers without vinegar—so I can't be a schoolmaster—am too poor to be a gentleman, and hang me, I think I'll be married.

Doctor X. Married! The devil you do—not so fast—not so fast, my boy—there are two words to that bargain.

Tom. "It is most true," Doctor, but they are both on my side—I'm a fine looking fellow, *(adjusting his gills at the glass.)*

Doctor X. To speak *figuratively.*

Tom. Can talk—

Doctor X. To no purpose.

Tom. A head like Apollo—

Doctor X. And nothing in it. No, no, Tom, mind me, I say—you was made for a Doctor—can talk nonsense, and have a good exterior—both which the ladies love—are always "wide awake," and have no feeling—indispensable requisites in a physician—and *must* be married or you will have no practice.

Tom. A lucky thought—a bright idea—no sooner said than done. I'll enter my name with Dr. Warren, who is so famous for his *Hospital*ity, and be the ladies' humble servant.

"A wife! A wife! My kingdom for a wife!" "O Mi Vida! Mi Alma!" I'm off to see if chum has arrived, so call up and see us this evening.

Doctor X. Well—I'll try, (*Doctor, dozing.*)

(*Exit Tom, whistling.*)

G.

THE PROGRESS OF COMMERCE.

THERE was a time when the different nations of the earth engaged but little in commercial concerns, when it was deemed most practicable for the small vessels, then in use, to "keep near shore," and when, if a voyage out of the sight of the land had been attempted, it would have been reckoned at once a monstrous and truly alarming essay. But at this early period the knowing ones did not even comprehend the earth's figure, nor were they acquainted with the mysteries of the compass needle,—an acceptable apology for their timidity and maritime policy. Years and ages, however, rolled away, and with them this national ignorance and distrust; and in these days of an universal and unrestrained commerce, we can indulge our eyes with the sight, which might perhaps have utterly confounded the ancients, of countless vessels, very capacious and very comfortable, which move proudly and securely over immense seas and fathomless oceans to the most distant quarters of our globe, and withal, abundantly able to bear the roughest dealings of old Neptune. Nay, furthermore, the wide, unbounded waters have now gotten to be the seat of naval pride and power, and the very element of national enterprise. Vessels of every description, from the gallant ship, with her skysails fluttering aloft, through the several denominations, down to the almost insignificant "fishing smack," come and go into port unheeded; and though still to the eye of the curious or philosophical it be a beautiful sight to view one of these ingenious machines in full sail, and with "the interesting group upon its deck," slowly ushered into her destined port, other cares and other speculations of busy life have led us no longer to regard the common incident as a phenomenon or a miracle.

But we do not look to the ocean alone for such sights. Mechanical genius has been active elsewhere to display its wonderful fruits. Let us take our station on the banks of the Delaware or Hudson rivers; as we "roll back the tide of time" to remind ourselves that here the untamed native was once an unmoved spectator of nature's romantic scenery, which fills us with noble emotions, we may presently be startled from our reverie by the approach of the noisy steam-boat, breaking the surrounding stillness as it plies its measured way along the narrow and winding stream. And when we learn that steam has supplanted, with so much benefit and convenience, the use of sails and masts and rigging, we may conceive of the diffused intelligence and awakened enterprise of man in these later days. The light and simple canoe, that perfect token of Indian simplicity, which the dusky native not long since paddled along our rivers and about our lakes, we see has given place to these vessels of such intricate construction and so wonderfully propelled. So that while the ocean and the sea are marked by the course of the loftily rigged ship, the silent river is ploughed by the steam-boat, carrying wealth and happiness and pleasure over its shallow and shady bosom.

Such a spectacle would indeed be instructive. It would remind us of the energies of man—fill us with an enthusiasm to be active—tempt us, if any thing would, to throw off our sluggish spirit, and make more profitable efforts for the common good. The last thing we should say would be—there is no room for improvement. But what, we may ask, is the cause of this extensive and invaluable inland navigation, and what reason is there to suppose that it will be extended. Look then at the sturdy pioneer, as he is marching toward the western wilderness,—see him fell the forest tree, build his thatched hut, and sow his field. A few years pass by and a flourishing village starts up where but lately all was a wild solitude. Agricultural produce begins to accumulate fast, for which a vent is required. The canal or road is marked out, and terminates at the bank of some navigable river, and so at last the flag of commerce makes its regular visit and indicates the spread of human industry. Look, too, at the manufacturing interest, and while we see it spreading over our land, reckon it not as an indequate cause of an extensive

inland and foreign commerce. Examine into the nature of American soil, and the extent and resources of our country. Nature, we find, has done much for us indeed, and we may unhesitatingly look forward to a period when we may deserve the appellation of being the greatest commercial nation on the globe.

We might pursue this subject to an almost indefinite extent, if it had been our design to enter widely and fully into it. Such investigations are always no less instructive than interesting. We may be certain of discovering the genius—the spirit—the actual state of different people at different periods, not only by their laws, manners, and customs, but by their inventions also and their resources. We live professedly in an improved and improving age, an age in which full scope and encouragement ought to be given to the inventive faculties of men, and every one should abstain from ridiculing whatever may at first view appear impossible or useless. People have in many instances been wonderfully deceived and disappointed in the resulting benefit of improvements and inventions. If, several centuries ago, any one had proposed to propel a vessel by steam, he would inevitably have been laughed at as out of his right mind completely, whereas now, mechanical genius is more highly appreciated and meets with much greater respect. In fact, "modern improvements have so far outstripped the calculations even of the most sanguine theorists, that it has become hardly safe to pronounce any scheme visionary." And well it is that such is the case. A spirit of encouragement is a spirit of philanthropy. Sneering ridicule is something truly forbidding and terrible, and disheartening to genius,—it is a reception cold and ungenerous. Even the indefatigable author of the new theory of the earth has been too much bantered. Above all things, we deprecate a habit of wanton raillery. W.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end.
Milton.

This is a part of that beautiful hymn in which Adam and Eve pay their morning devotions to their Maker. The sun was rising upon one of those beautiful mornings when the heart feels, if it ever feels at all, the goodness of God. The birds were on every bough—the flowers were opening around them, the tremulous dew-drops were fast drying up, and the air was fed with rich perfumes. Every thing they saw was full of life and freshness and beauty, and they acknowledged that it was so. In this hymn, Milton seems to have felt all the beauty and sublimity he was representing, and he invokes all things in the Heaven above and the Earth beneath to join in extolling the Great Giver. It reminds us of many of the beautiful Psalms of David, in which the inspired minstrel calls upon all the works of God to praise him—to "praise him in the heights," to "praise him in the firmament of his power," and they do praise him—silently yet eloquently praise Him, as they move along in their mystic dance—"not without song"—yet there are those who can see all this and not feel it—who can look upon the beautiful canopy above them, and, like the fool, say in their hearts, "There is no God!"

That there should be any such thing as absolute Atheism, seems to be impossible. How a man breathing the air, and enjoying the light of Heaven, can be an infidel, is incomprehensible. It has frequently been said, that Pagans never think of the unseen causes of things—that they never ask themselves *why* such effects take place, but are satisfied with their taking place. But the proofs of a Deity are too simple and obvious and strong to be resisted. There are too many wonderful things going on not to force this conviction upon them. The regular return of day and night and the seasons, are perhaps too silent and uniform to strike them; but the sudden and terrible changes in nature—the thunder and lightning cannot pass unobserved, and cannot fail to convince them of a

power above all human power; it seems as if the thought of Him, "who hung the Heavens and planted the stars," must come over them at such moments. The very circumstance of their having any religion at all is proof enough of this conviction. There is something very touching and illustrative of this in the simple and affectionate ceremonies of an Indian burial. The Indian's friend dies, and he buries him with provisions for a long journey, and expects to meet him again in the country of the Great Spirit.

We are far from believing that natural objects and the beautiful world we live in, are alone sufficient to convince men of a God. There are few who pay attention enough to these things to moralize upon them, to say nothing of the obtuse faculties with which some men are gifted. All have not that delicacy of perception and feeling—that nice deep sense and love of beauty, that throws over every thing the glow and richness of poetry. The imagination of some never stretches beyond the plain palpable uses of things. They go into the fields, and a plant is a plant, without telling them any thing more. They do not observe its curious mechanism, its latent beauties. The different temperaments, education, and situation of men make all the difference imaginable in this respect. It requires a high cultivation of taste, and perhaps a separation from the grosser occupations of life, to relish the beauty of green landscapes, where rock and forest and shade are thrown together with a master's hand into every form of simple, beautiful, and grand.

But infidelity does appear a forced thing; a thing which some men take infinite pains to reason themselves into, and for what? To be different from other men—to stand out unshackled by the creed they have learned from their catechism, their grandmothers, or their clergyman, and walk "per se"—to doubt because they have a *right* to doubt—to have a religion of their own, because it *is* their own. And let them hold to their rights and their religion, and sun themselves in their independence. Their religion, if true, is revolting and degrading. Christianity, whether true or not, makes man a rational and happy being. If infidelity is not the forced thing we say it is, why is it that the Indian and the ignorant man worship the sun, the moon, and the stars, and talk of the Great Spirit that afflicts them with evil, and be-

stows upon them good? They cannot withstand nature, there is something in them, call it what you may, that irresistibly tells them of a God. The sky is their outward Revelation—there is nothing of man's work in its beautiful colors, moving clouds, and shining lights.

Meditation upon the works of God is both useful and delightful. It calls into action the best affections of our nature, and puts us in humour with ourselves and all about us. It makes us better friends, better citizens, better men. There are many who know not what to do with their leisure hours, and after being occupied in business and pleasure think it misery to be left alone. There is no more intolerable feeling, nor one for which a remedy is more desirable. That which I have found most efficacious is to put the mind upon some pleasant reveries, build castles in the air, and indulge our imaginings, however romantic. It is in this way that we may rid ourselves of that desolate feeling which will sometimes come upon us when alone.

Some men talk of their day-dreams, but I prefer the starlit visions of night to the sunny fancies of day. When I have a touch of the romantic I gaze upon the stars, till all the worldly realities I have gathered during the day go out one by one, giving place to the crowding visitants of a brighter sphere. Those stars so bright, so pure, holding on their sinless course so steadily seem the types of that heaven promised to the righteous, eloquently contrasting the fluctuations and perishable pleasures of this world with the unbroken and enduring joys of another. G.

VACATION

—— "There 's nothing like vacation."
Old Class Song.

THERE is no more striking specimen of solitude, than the venerable halls of our Alma Mater, when deserted by their numerous and noisy inhabitants. The life of a student, though it is one of mingled lights and shadows, is yet a bustling and

active and a well occupied one. But when the vacation begins, it seems as if the machinery of life had come to a sudden pause; the tumult and excitement of the *term*, settles down to a noiseless calm. The few students that remain, are seen occasionally winding their way across the college yard, like the few solitary beings that linger around a deserted castle. The clock, each time it tells the hour of the day, is heard with appalling distinctness; and a single laugh from the room of a student, reverberates with surprising loudness. The beautiful trees that adorn our academic retreats wave to the passing breeze, but there is none to sit beneath their shade and listen to the music of their whisperings. Our delightful walks, worthy of Apollo and the Muses, seem like a fairy garden suddenly bereft of its inhabitants. Vacation, for those who remain, is a season of meditation. It is now about five weeks since the end of the term, and during this time I have experienced a tolerable share of the blessings and perplexities, the comforts and the weariness, the activity and the *ennui* of a college vacation, a few sketches of which I will now attempt to trace.

While the business of the university is going on, there is such a constant succession of labors and duties and pleasures, that there is no time left to hang heavy upon our hands. In the morning we are summoned from our dreams, by the shrill sound of yon bell to attend the matin devotions. We hurry to the Chapel, and then crowd to the recitation room, with all the marks of having the demon of Somnus just cast out of us by the potent exorcism of the clamorous bell. The joyful sound of "commons" again intervenes to prevent the irksomeness of a monotonous life, and in a moment you may see the yard covered with hurrying groups of the "dark-robed crowd," some just released from metaphysics or the blackboard, and some just arisen from their beds, where they have indulged in the luxury of "sleeping over"—a luxury, however, which is sadly diminished by the anticipated necessity of *making up* "back lessons." Thus it continues through the day. Recitation follows after recitation, bell after bell, and meal after meal, until at last the day is wound up with a scene of careless laughter and merriment, among a dozen of joke-loving classmates who may chance to be assembled in a "boon companion's" room.

This all ceases the first moment of vacation. We become so habituated to the ordinary routine of business, that when the mechanism of college ceases, we are at a loss how to proceed. For my own part, I can never tell when to get up, and for want of the bell to give me warning of the time, I generally lie pretty late. The consequence of this has been, that I have many a time slept over breakfast; and although one would naturally suppose that such a misfortune would be a solemn caution against falling into the like error again, yet with me it has produced quite a contrary effect. I find myself more disposed to sleep soundly in the morning than ever. This propensity, however, is to be attributed in some measure, to a short residence in the city of New York, where for several weeks I was forced to endure a degree of watchfulness almost beyond human sufferance. O! I never can look back upon those scorching days and sleepless nights, without indulging in a feeling similar to that of one who has just made a fortunate escape from an almost hopeless captivity. I could hear, as I attempted in vain to catch a few moments repose, the rattling of carts over the pavements, the oaths and execrations of their drivers, the loud and senseless clamours of a thousand night-walkers who perambulated the streets, apparently for no other purpose than to disturb the peaceful citizens, a confused jumble of all the tongues and dialects that are spoken beneath the sun, and what was worse than all the rest, just opposite the house where I had taken up my abode, one of those snarling moon-baying curs, whose barking powers increase in the inverse ratio of their solid contents, set up such an uninterrupted howling as soon as heaven's blessed light retreated before the shades of evening, that even if no other noise interrupted the silence of night, you might as well think of sleeping amidst a contending multitude of all the beasts of the forest. The effect of this delightful concord of sweet sounds was wonderfully heightened by the circumstance that the hooping-cough had just invaded the street, and every child from one month old and upward joined nightly in the chorus. Thus, I was kept awake so long, that upon my return I found it necessary to sleep as fast as I could to make up for lost time; and to tell the truth, I have scarcely been awake since.

There is no evil, however, attached to the present life that

has not some favorable circumstances attending it. The most afflicting dispensations of Providence have many things to alleviate them. Events apparently the most unworthy of notice, have ended in results highly important to the interests and welfare of society. The world had received opinions at the widest possible remove from the truth, in regard to the principles that regulate the solar system; but at last the illustrious Newton got a clue to the reality, by accidentally observing the fall of an apple. Dr. Franklin's beautiful theory of electricity depended for its confirmation upon the experiment of the kite. Milton's immortal epic is said to have owed its origin to a childish drama that he saw represented somewhere in Italy. Gibbon's great history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, was suggested by a walk amidst the ruins of the *Eternal City*. Göthe wrote a dramatic piece in consequence of a word accidentally dropped by a young lady with whom he chanced to be in love. Shakspeare was forced to escape from his native town by the wrath of a country Squire, on whose lands he had taken the liberty to poach, and the end of the matter was, that he became the boast and pride of merry old England. These are only a few out of many examples that might be brought forward to illustrate my proposition. The present age is remarkable for wonderful discoveries. Captain Symmes has found out that the earth is hollow. Mrs. Royall has proved that ignorance united with loquacity are wonderful helpers in making books; and that unblushing impudence is the best agent in selling them. Mr. Owen has discovered that the world have been laboring under the most horrible mistakes for the last six thousand years; and with all the benevolence of philanthropy, has set himself about correcting them. A great many sharp-sighted grammarians have clearly seen that their predecessors have advanced a thousand doctrines perfectly erroneous and absurd, and without once surmising that their own positions might not be correct, have zealously undertaken to bring about a reform. Their labors have proved, so that the dullest intellect may comprehend, that three fourths of the parts of speech are mere nonentities—perfectly imaginary beings, existing only in the disordered brain of poor, deluded philologers. One of these reformers, has convinced himself, if not others, that the verb *to be* is an active verb;

and though the reasoning is so very singular that you cannot perceive the least trace of sense or rationality, yet you would imagine from the earnestness of the writer that the fate of a nation were at stake.

But I must confess I am wandering. I began to mention some of these wonderful discoveries, that I might have a chance to unfold a secret which this vacation has disclosed. I would humbly suggest that the whole human race have been in all ages sadly deluded in the belief of the beneficial effects of early rising. Poets have sung their most enchanting strains upon the glories of the rising sun; they have celebrated in their most melodious numbers, the freshness and loveliness of the morning. The birds of the grove, say they, just begin to pour forth the rich strains of their native harmony. Every thing above and around us breathes the very quintescence of bliss and joyousness. But I have no doubt, if the truth were known, that these crackbrained sons of song indicted their melodies in praise of the morning, under the inspiration of the Queen of night, thus giving a practical refutation to all their fine-spun fictions. The recreant Thomson, the laziest man that ever breathed, speaks in raptures of the glorious sublimity of early dawn; a scene which, I venture to say, he never witnessed save in imagination. I once heard of a German student, who it seems had some inkling of the true philosophy, and who being persuaded to get up before the sun, and walk to a certain eminence to behold his rising, came back with evident chagrin and disappointment depicted on his countenance, and would hardly forgive his friends for the trouble they had caused him. Upon being asked the reason, "why," said he, "I expected to see the sun shoot up from the horizon like a rocket, but it seemed struggling to ascend the heavens, like a tired traveller climbing a precipitous hill." Whether I shall ever immortalize myself by promulgating the truth, like some of the above mentioned worthies, posterity alone must determine. There are many sound and convincing arguments against the practice of early rising, and withal so very obvious that I am astonished they have never been suggested to any one before. It is true, that many practice upon the principles I would establish, but they do it with so bad a grace, and so much uneasiness of conscience, that I should infinitely prefer, for their health and happiness even the old-

fashioned plan of early rising. For I hold all the evils that have ever attended late morning slumbers, to be simply the results of a certain unhappy state of mind which all who imagine themselves, whether right or wrong, to be indulging in a pernicious habit, must inevitably fall into. Now the truth of the case is this. The morning atmosphere is so filled with the damp vapors that have collected under cover of the darkness of night, as to render an exposure to them exceedingly prejudicial to the health. But if you will wait until the sun has made his appearance some two or three hours, and kindly swept away these dangerous night fogs, you may safely trust yourself to arise and take your morning perambulations. These truths I began to suspect some time ago, having on several occasions during my college life, slept by pure accident, until breakfast time; but I determined not to promulgate them, until my conjectures were fully verified by a long and satisfactory train of experiments, which the present vacation has enabled me to accomplish. Now, having committed the secret to the safe keeping of the public, I must leave it in their hands; if they refuse to profit by the discovery, the sin must be laid to their own door. I do not expect to be rewarded by the present generation, but look forward with bright anticipations to the grateful recollections of millions yet unborn. The discovery is one that has cost me much, as may well be supposed by the calamities I have narrated which first led to it; but like a philosopher, I have sustained myself to the end, and now I impart it to the world with a feeling like that of many distinguished discoverers, who have proclaimed the results of their deep meditations, even when they were conscious that their labors would not, nay could not, be appreciated by the generation in which they lived.

Among the pleasant things of this vacation, have been its delightful moonlight evenings. I have gazed, till I could gaze no longer, upon the full-orbed moon, presiding in majesty over the celestial assembly of stars. The thoughts that crowd upon one's mind at such a time, the feelings that pour in upon the soul, the deep and thrilling emotions that rise up in constant succession, no human tongue or pen can give fit utterance to. If ever there is an hour when evil thoughts lose their hold upon the mind, it is this. If ever there is an hour when the heart is softened and subdued, and the engrossing cares of life lose their

interest, it is this. If ever there is an hour when man is prepared to hold communion with beings of a superior nature, it is this. If ever there is an hour when the spirits of the great and good of departed ages deign to revisit the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage, where myriads of active and immortal beings are following rapidly in their path, it *must* be this. But nothing can equal the beauty of a moonlight evening within the walls of Harvard, during the stillness of vacation. The large and unoccupied buildings spreading their dark shadows across the college yard, the tall trees through whose branches the moon sheds her silvery light upon surrounding objects, the beautiful walks where silence rules in the midst of uninterrupted repose, are objects that inspire the mind with a solemnity of feeling, most delightful and improving to the soul. I would not exchange the pleasure of contemplating such a scene for all the intoxicating excitement of Harvard's gayest festivities.

But there are some petty misfortunes that disturb the current of every course in life; and many to which the student is exposed, especially during a vacation. It not unfrequently happens, that some of the haugers-on of college, who loiter about after the students have left, take the liberty of pilfering whatever they can find unsecured in a college room. I lately experienced a most provoking instance of this kind of liberty. I had determined to visit Nahant, that famous resort of the gay, the beautiful, and the accomplished, from all the adjacent country. Anticipating a pleasant excursion in the steamboat in the company of an agreeable friend, I had walked half way to Boston, when I accidentally discovered that some light-fingered rogue had decamped with my pocket-book, and left me only sixpence remaining. Of course I was obliged to defer my jaunt till I could procure a new supply of the *needful*.

It is sometimes difficult also to drive away the *blues*. There is so much time to be filled up, and so little in particular to do, that it often requires no small degree of ingenuity to eke out the heavy-dragging day. Pleasant weather does not last forever. Storms *will* come, and we *must* live through them. For instance, we have just had a visitation of three or four days of rain, which has confined us within doors, and driven us to employ all the resources we could command, to

repel the demon of *Ennui*. We have been obliged to muster all our forces against the common enemy, and f the walls of Holworthy have occasionally resounded with the noise of three or four pent-up students, it is not to be wondered at.

But, thank Heaven, while I am now writing the sun has peered out from behind the clouds, which are preparing to make a precipitate retreat. So, begone all ye demons that haunt poor mortals during the gloom and darkness of a storm, and beware of making your appearance again before Commencement has gone to the days beyond the flood.

Speaking of Commencement reminds me, that this is the last vacation I shall ever enjoy in Cambridge. Notwithstanding the high anticipation that every one forms who is just about to set forward in the world with a diploma in his hand, but nothing in his pocket, we cannot help indulging some few melancholy emotions while parting with such pleasant scenes. These academic retreats, devoted to science and letters, are quite a different world from that which now opens before us. *Here* the great masters of past ages have been our companions; *there* we must mingle with the suspicious, the ignorant, the selfish, and the depraved. *Here* we have indulged freely in the gay delights of social intercourse; *there* caution and mistrust must dictate every word that is said. *Here* the principles of good-feeling and brotherly communion, have guided our conduct; *there* a sterner rule must be followed to guard against the machinations of the wary and cunning, who stand ready to take advantage of the credulous and unsuspecting. The slightest action will be misconstrued; motives that were never dreamed of, will be imputed to the most innocent conduct. A word, a look, nay silence itself, will be enough to set bigotry and fanaticism to work with their foul and slanderous insinuations. The venom of party spirit will poison the joys of patriotic and distinguished exertion. The purest character will be rudely assailed, and none, no, not one, may expect to escape the shafts of envy, malice, and wickedness. This, I know, is the dark side; but these are feelings that I cannot drive from my mind, when I look back upon the few past years, which have been rendered delightful by the elysian pursuits of literature, and the unrestrained intercourse of social life; and forward to those scenes of contention, bustle, and controversy, which, it is probable, we

must all engage in. Here, within the venerated walls of Harvard, I have roved with poets of past ages and the present, through the fairy regions of their own creation; I have listened to the voice of instruction that comes from long gone times; I have tasted freely of all the purest streams of happiness; but now a widely different scene is approaching; the stern realities of active life are to be grappled with; the engrossing cares of present things are to be attended to; and amidst all the happiness the most fortunate can anticipate, there will be many a bitter draught of unmingled wretchedness. Then farewell, Harvard. Thy many pleasant scenes cannot be forgotten. The hours of joyousness passed in thy hallowed shades, shall live in memory, till memory itself shall be lost in eternity. Fairest abode of the Muses, I must now quit thee, perhaps forever. But whether beneath an eastern or a western sky, whether in weal or in woe, I can never, never, forget thee. C. C.

DEATH OF STUDENTS.

I HAVE often thought that most of our grief for the death of a friend arises from the suddeness of his departure. When the event has been for some time expected, and we have had time to prepare our minds for its coming, our tears flow not so fast or so bitter, as when a fell an unexpected blast sweeps away the dearest objects of our affections, and lays waste the idols of the heart. We look upon the hectic cheek and fading form of him whom consumption is wooing to the grave, and we are resigned to the dispensation, even

> "Before decays effacing fingers
> Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

And as we look upon the countenance of old age, we read its wrinkles as the lines of dissolution—we feel when we grasp the withered hand, that the life's blood is fast ebbing from the shrinking veins—are ready without a murmur to lay the silver head of three score years and ten in the bosom of our mother earth. We regard even the infant as a tender plant

which the first cold wind of disease may blast in its budding beauty. But when the cold hand of death is pressing on the bosom and stifling the heart-beats of lusty manhood, and joyous youth; when the king of terrors mows down the ripe and nourishing talents of full grown manhood; or plucks the first efforts of young genius, to gather them into the dark garner of the tomb, we feel for a time that all is lost, and that our desolated bosom harbors nothing but the withering influences of despair. Death, by slow and wasting sickness, comes like the approach of night, advancing by degrees, and always illumined by some star of hope. But, death by one sudden, undreamed of stroke, is like an instantaneous and total eclipse, when "darkness covers the land and gross darkness the sea."

Yet, even this common heart-rending sorrow at the demise of the middle-aged and the young, may be made more scorching by circumstances. The situation in which some are placed renders their decease more generally felt. They are separated from the world or stand upon the high places, and every eye is upon them, every ear open to listen to their wisdom, and when the annihilating flash cometh it is seen by millions, and its thunder reverberates through a whole nation. They are selected and sent to be trained under the wise and good for important duties; and when the young hopes of a student are laid low, society and religion mourn the loss, and his fellows feel that death has cruelly torn away a brother from their friendly circle. Truly there appears to be no time when the destroying angel brings more lasting affliction, than when he comes to bear away the classmate and the pupil.

The student is drafted, as it were, a cadet, to be trained a soldier in the cause of learning, justice, and religion. He leaves his home and enters himself a member of the little society of college; his affections are twined around others, and other's affections are twined around him. The sympathies of fellow-students, classmates, and friends, bind him to life with a thousand golden cords. It is not necessary for his name to fill the trumpet of fame before he can be known. He is soon as well acquainted, and as much beloved as he was in the family he has left. He walks happily with his brother students in the long but flowery path of knowledge—

he mingles gaily in the festal scenes of college—he sports joyfully in its amusements—and he worships always in the same chapel with his fellows. Besides this, the busy hand of hope is weaving her rainbow colors on the dark cloud which conceals the future. Here he catches that honorable love of honorable fame. Here is the first lighting up of the prospects held out to virtuous emulation. Here he is exercising in miniature those lofty and high-souled sentiments, by which he hopes to gain the love and respect of his fellow-men. Here, aided by the sympathy and example of those of his own day and generation, he is painting a glowing picture of future usefulness and honor. And here too, he is forming those devoted friendships which shall endure while the vital spark warms the bosom with a single generous emotion. And to have the leaden mace of death fall on one who is enjoying, feeling, hoping all these bright and noble things, truly desolates and blast the fondest expectations of the heart.

Sometimes, while we are gone to visit during a vacation, the scenes of our childhood, and to recall for little time the sweet hours of our earlier days, the raging fever racks the system, destroys the energies, burns up the heart-strings, and at last puts out the life of a fellow-student, whom we have respected for his talents, admired for his lofty feelings, and loved for his generous disposition. Thus died the kind, virtuous, intelligent Atherton.

Sometimes gradual decay seizes upon a fellow, and health, strength, and intellect, wither away one after another beneath its slow but sure and subtle influence; and we see him to whom we were drawn by his gentleness, his piety, and his goodness of heart, a cold and breathless corpse, the victim of a tardy but certain disease. Thus died the mild and innocent Furber. Thus died the amiable and religious Prescott.

And lately we have had a young, talented, and virtuous brother, torn from us by a sudden and horrid accident, when absent from the mother that loved him—the father that took a manly pride in him—the relatives who saw him fulfilling their brightest hopes. Yes, Sturgis, the affectionate and grateful son, the attentive and docile pupil, the warm and generous friend, the honorable and brilliant classmate, the pleasing and good-humored companion, has been taken from our little circle. A beautiful flower, too tender for this cold world, he has been transplanted to the happy and sunny Eden on high.

But we mourn not for the dead, but for the living. Our departed friend has gone thus young to a brighter sphere. He has been taken away in mercy, without being called upon to encounter the rough realities of life. His dust has returned to the earth whence it was, and his spirit has ascended unto God who gave it; and his memory shall never die. Often hereafter shall his classmates and friends delight to gather around the grave of Sturgis, and call up in affectionate remembrance his virtuous character, and dwell fondly on the bright and glowing hours they passed when his heart beat like theirs, high and warm with the bright expectations of youth.

LETTER FROM A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

M———, January 18th, 18—.

I FINISHED my last letter, chum, with a growl at my accommodations for sleeping, and a promise to give you a further account of the uncouth tribe among whom I tarry. Premising that my couch has grown no softer from constant use, I will now fulfil my engagement. On Sunday morning my dreams were scattered by the shrill piercing, soul-thrilling strain of the tenth and youngest Wormwood. Fully sensible that there would be no answer to my earnest invocation for "a little more sleep and a little more slumber," I loosed my grasp from the upper bed-post, which had cramped my hand into the shape of a fish-hook, with its night-long clinch, and suffered my body to roll down the gentle declivity of the bed until I reached the opposite side, where I made use of my gymnastic powers and landed on my feet. My toilet was soon finished, for the air, oozing through the crevices in the walls, formed, as it were, a focus of cold, which made me desirous to feel the warmth of the fire as soon as possible. After opening sundry doors which led into the "cellar-way," butteries, bed-rooms, and closets, I at last succeeded in finding the portal of the kitchen, where the family were assembled, and from whence issued such volumes of smoke, such an unearthly jargon and confusion of tongues, mingled with

the dulcet notes of the old "tabby," whose tail was under the pinching application of some youngster's fingers, that the scene altogether out Plutoed the regions of Pluto; and gave a far more vivid impression of his domain, than the diabolical representations of his majesty's ministers and the blue flame which I remember to have seen exhibited in the pantomime of Don Juan.

The kitchen, by the by, is the only room ever enlivened by a fire, and all my evenings, except those I have passed at the parsonage, have been spent within its limits, where to read or write, think or sleep, is a task no intellectual Hercules could accomplish. To peruse deaths and marriages in a newspaper in this place, would call for as great power of abstraction, as would have been required to study and understand metaphysics at the building of Babel. I am determined to state this fact with all the eloquence I can muster, when I return to college, hoping that it may recommend me to the mercy of my examiners.

But this is wandering. I shall say nothing of the breakfast, excepting that it was rather *scaly*. I have deferred my description of mine host and family until they made their second appearance armed and equipped for their march to meeting. But here they all came, with the exception of the baby and Deborah, which last is to be left at home under the care of "grandmam," being grievously troubled with the whooping cough. First in the procession came Mr. and Mrs. Wormwood, paired but not matched, looking like the "piper's cow" beside an elephant. There was nothing remarkable about the matron, except her tenuity and her peaked nose tipped with vermillion, which twinkled beneath a bonnet of faded green, like a dark lantern in a misty night. Her lord was a broad-shouldered, raw-boned "six footer," his arms dangling from his shoulders like the swingel of a flail, bearing on the summit of his ungainly frame a countenance resembling nothing within my knowledge, except your aunt Betsy's copper tea kettle. Next to this lovely couple came the son and heir, and fac simile of his father, Erastus J—— jr. with his sister, Comfort, tucked under his arm, who, although the thermometer was below zero, dashed out in a pink bonnet ornamented with home-made roses about the size of cauliflowers, a white gown flounced with imitation sea-weed, blue

yarn stockings, and green shoes. She, as I afterwards learned, once worked in a factory, which may account for her taste. Then followed Jotham and Thankful. "Jotham," said his mother to me at breakfast, "is the scholard of the family. He's ben to the Cademy, and larned grammar and 'een gist' through Tittler's Pityme of History. And I guess as how, if we get fore-handed enough we'll send him to be a Colledger, and make a Parson on him." Thankful was rather *para-toed* and somewhat crooked. The next pair consisted of Jeriboam and Prudence, who are not sufficiently developed to claim a description. Dodorah, who continued to be shaken every Sunday into the velvet jacket and trowsers, which once enclosed his brother Erastus, until the baby should claim them as his inheritance. And Submit, who was wrapped up in a huge red shawl, surmounted with a sky blue cap, not unlike the top of a tea-pot, brought up the rear.

I followed the family to the meeting-house, where I endured a second inspection from the groups of young fishermen in their short jackets, with anchor buttons, tarpaulins, and black neckcloths run through a ring made of a shark's bone. I found, however, that the town was not altogether composed of the sons of Neptune, for several substantial farmers made their appearance with their families in wagons.

I entered the house and sat for some time listening to the "practising" of the choir, and believe me, chum, compared with the strains I heard, the sound of your jew's harp came over me like the music of Apollo. Presently the tolling of the bell ceased, and the minister was led up the aisle. He was a young man, with a pale and interesting countenance, but perfectly blind. The services commenced with a hymn, which the pastor repeated with devotional fervor. I intended to have attempted to give you some idea of the preacher and his preaching, but I must forbear. The impression cannot be transferred to paper. His subject was Christian fortitude; and to hear that sightless man, shut out from all the beauties of nature, barred from looking on the faces of those he loved, to hear him descant in glowing, poetical, devotional language, with fervid and holy eloquence, on the goodness of God and the blessings of affliction, was enough to fix the attention of the most thoughtless, and warm the bosom of the most frigid. It was the triumph of religion and the soul over this

mortal coil, and this world's troubles. It was like the viewless spirit of a lovely sound breathing through the dim aisles of some lonely temple.

You shall have an account of my school, &c. in my next.

Yours, &c.

T. B.

COMPARISON BETWEEN THE ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

The comparison of the ancients and moderns has been alike the favorite subject for the elaborate dissertation of the wise and learned, and for the petty theme of the schoolboy. It has furnished materials to fill out the pages of huge quartos, comfortable octavos, and neat duodecimos. It has afforded us solid and substantial repast in the shape of dissertations, essays, and discussions; and has been served up to us by way of *lunch* in the lighter and more delicate form of novels. And after all that has been said and written; after all the tedious days and nights which have have been spent in examining the still more tedious contents of dusty folios; after all the fair paper which has been blotted, and all the innocent ink spilt in this long continued warfare, we are probably as far from deciding the question as at first. On the one side it has been said, that the fire and originality of Homer could best exist when men were unlearned in philosophy; and straightway Milton has been put forth in the front ranks of the other as a champion to disprove such an assertion. Demosthenes and Cicero, as the first of ancient orators, have been made to throw down their gage, and Chatham and Burke have been compelled by their officious friends to accept the challenge. Thus the contest has been kept up with equal spirit on both sides, and probably will be continued until we also are numbered with "the ancients."

There is, however, one point of difference between the ancients and moderns, which I have seen but seldom noticed, and the causes of which but little discussed. It is, that while the ancients were the inventors of almost every thing that contributed to the elegance of life, almost all those things,

which tended to the real comfort and convenience of life, and to advancement in the arts and sciences, were left to the invention of the moderns.

If we look at men in the first stages of their existence, when in a state of nature, we find them, as we should naturally expect, attending to those things which are absolutely necessary for existence, at first providing themselves with weapons and instruments to assist them in obtaining food, and with shelter and clothing to protect them from the inclemencies of the weather. Having thus provided for their immediate necessities, they would naturally proceed to cultivate the earth, and to tame animals to afford them a more certain and regular support, than their success in hunting and fishing. We should then expect them to go on improving what they had begun, increasing their comforts and their acquaintance with agriculture, manufactures, and the sciences; and last of all, to turn their attention to the fine arts and the luxuries of life. We should certainly expect, that men, from their natural love of ease and aversion to labor, would endeavor to diminish manual labor before they made any attempts in painting and sculpture.

But if we look back to the flourishing ages of Greece, we find the progress of improvement quite the reverse. The Greeks, almost as soon as they had furnished themselves with the necessaries of life, seemed content with their advancement in those branches, and although a warlike people, surrounded by barbarous neighbors, and exposed to continual invasions, turned their whole attention to the fine arts; and while the Grecian artists have given us the most exquisite specimens of painting and sculpture, the moderns have furnished us with those works which are of far greater ability and necessity. Whilst Phidias and Praxiteles were making "the cold marble almost to breathe," and were rearing up the proudest arches and the noblest porticos to their favorite deities; the Grecian maiden, however exalted her race, and beautiful and delicate her form, was employed the livelong day in twirling the tiresome and clumsy distaff, or wearying herself at the ill-constructed loom or embroidery frame. But we moderns (to our praise be it spoken) have imposed these tasks upon Neptune; and left our fair maidens to pursue more pleasing employments. Instead of splendid temples

and beautiful architecture, we have our steam-engines and railways; and instead of producing a "Venus de Medicis," a "Fawn," or a "Dying Gladiator," the inventive genius of the moderns displays itself in the shape of certain "economical cooking stoves" and patent furnaces

Now to what is this owing? Is it that the taste for the fine arts is diminished, and the ability to produce elegant statues and paintings is lost? In a refined age, like the present, we should expect that the fine arts would have arrived at a greater degree of perfection, than during the comparatively barbarous ages of Greece and Rome. One would be apt to think that we were much more studious of utility than beauty; that we preferred a well constructed and complicated piece of machinery to the most beautiful productions of the artist; and that it was a common feeling, which filled the grovelling mind of the speculator, who while looking at the grandest object in the world, the falls of Niagara, exclaimed, "What a fine situation for factories!"

The increase and diffusion of knowledge has appeared to me the great cause of this remarkable change. Now that literature is made common property, that almost every man we meet is ready to converse on any subject, we have become more of a reasoning people, we are brought down to sober facts, there is not so much room left for imagination, nothing now rests upon fables, but every thing is as plain as demonstration can make it. This change in the minds of the people has produced a corresponding change in the tastes and employments of mankind at large. They are putting the sound knowledge they possessed to practice; and think it more for the good of society to increase the comforts, than the luxuries of life.

Moreover, I conceive, that it requires more of what is usually called *genius* (which, by the way, is a very undefinable term) to produce the complicated machines of the present day, than the most perfect statue or painting. For in the latter, the artist has the models of his work before him, the human form, the endless variety of natural objects; the most beautiful parts of which he is to combine and unite in the most natural manner. But in the former the inventor must be well acquainted with the laws of motion, he must study the most compact and durable way of putting the several

parts together, he must combine forces and powers in the way best calculated to produce one great effect, so that "what is lost in velocity may be gained in power, and what is lost in power may be gained in velocity." It seems to me, that more of true genius is shown in the invention of a steam-engine, than in the production of a Venus de Medicis, or the most splendid painting.

Still I would not wholly deprive the moderns of a taste for those works, which not only delight the eye, but improve the heart. A taste for the fine arts is rapidly growing up among us, and attended with so many advantages as it really is, it surely deserves cultivating. M. E.

THE ETONIAN.

This is the name of a periodical lately published by the Students of the different colleges in England; and after saying this, every reader will anticipate an introduction to a pretty clever acquaintance. The journal is supposed to be edited by a Club, an account of whose proceedings at their monthly meetings furnishes an agreeable leading article to every number. And a club of right merry fellows they are! What a contrast must there be between their comfortable meetings over a brimming bowl of punch, and with a sufficit of the best Havana—singing songs and cracking jokes,—and the melancholy conclaves of the editors of our goodly sober and staid Register—with no romantic whiffs curling around their heads, and inspired by no draughts but those from pure fountains of mere cold water!* These gentlemen are not afraid of hazarding their reputation by making a good joke, nor do they ever hesitate to make a bad one, if they can do no better. In short, their countenances, if not always wearing an appearance of wit and humor, are always enlivened by the gaiety and sprightliness natural to unsophisticated youth. They are determined not to wear the spectacles of age till they can show a permit from old father Time, written in legible characters on their wrinkled brow and furrowed cheek. These are the pure teachings of nature. For why should youth, the season of buoyant feelings, and rich imaginings,

* Vide Notam.

and glowing expectations, be wasted in straining out, poring over, and giving a local habitation, though not a name, to thoughts fit only for the learned lumber of decayed libraries. Such persons appear to me to reverse Pope's description of a dunce; their brains are made of heavier articles than "feathers," and their hearts of a lighter material than "lead." We must waste no more time in preliminaries, but to our subject "like French falconers."

Well, then, "The Etonian," in two volumes, (second edition), handsomely printed by Colburn, and handsomely bound by—I know not whom,—may be found in the Belles Lettres room at the Athenæum,—and where else your deponent saveth not. This is stated for the benefit of any one who is disposed to profit by it; and if any visitor at the Athenæum is desirous of seeing how such things are done in England, we would desire him to com——; but comparisons are odious. An apothegm worthy the sagest editor that ever sat in judgment over any article devised by the wit of man, even for the gratification of that founder and tutelary deity of all magazines, viz. Sylvanus Urban, Gent.

There is not a dull prose article in the Etonian. I mean, no writer is heavy wilfully, with malice prepense and aforethought. They have not a class of writers retained for the express purpose of manufacturing articles radically dull. There is no pedantry;—no quotations from the Greek or Latin introduced, except for the sake of a pun or jest of some description. And the jesting is carried on with a good face; a writer does not make a joke and then blush for it; but he appears to be proud of it.

The poetry of the Etonian is also of great merit. There is a grace about it that is seldom found in juvenile compositions. The Muses worshipped by these youthful votaries are not stiff dames that are two thousand years older than they were in Homer's time (I suppose you will say I am some years out in my chronology), nor are they ladies of a certain age, dressed in the style of fifty years ago, but mere youthful flesh and blood, with whom they can chat, laugh, talk scandal, dance, and even waltz, if there be an opportunity.

Another—we are going on to state some more good qualities in the Etonian, but on looking back we find that we have

already praised it sufficiently. We have said that the poetry and puns were good; and what other recommendation does a juvenile periodical need? To those, however, who are fond of other matter, we will say, that they will find some sensible—we do not mean to be severe upon them by using this word—some very sensible and good articles on the Lake poets, and we are not quite sure that there are any other very sensible articles.

I will just enumerate a few of the subjects, that the reader may have some idea of the general character of the publication, and also an opportunity of compar—— stopped just in time to save my reputation. We advise our readers to make no comparison at all. Comparisons are odious of course. Well then, here are some of the subjects; but no comparisons I charge you.

A Visit to Eton.
Letters from Oxford.
Not at Home.
A Certain Age.
Mad! Quite Mad!
Reminiscences of Youth.
&c.

Now I have no doubt but that some malicious persons will place these titles in one column, and then by way of contrast —but if they do, their own ingenuity must lead them to it, for I will not suggest it; I have "less malice and more wit."

At the end of the second volume of the new edition is placed an index to the pieces, with the names of the authors annexed. The contributor of the best articles, both in prose and verse, is the editor, Winthrop Mackworth Praed; a name which will hereafter be distinguished in English literature, if the productions of his maturity correspond with the promise of his youth.

But we have gossipped long enough. If any person is desirous of amusement, and can condescend to be pleased by boys, we refer him or her to the Athenæum, shelf 1154, where may be found two goodly octavos, lettered The Etonian, I. II.

NOTA.

It is very evident to *ourselves*, if not to every body else, that our worthy correspondent has not yet caught a glimpse of the glorious arcana of editorship. As our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic have taken sundry occasions to display the good cheer which enlivened their editorial labors, and we have heretofore neglected to let the world into the secret, he has been led to the absurd conclusion that our conclaves have been supported only by a cooling glass from the college pump. He doubtless, never has heard of diverse and sundry most edifying and substantial eatables, together with certain *et ceteras*, that have occasionally "made their first and only appearance" on the editorial board. He never yet beheld a certain *pipe* of such portentous longitude, that while the bowl thereof projected out of the window, the smoke might be seen encircling the critical head of one of the trio, attempting in vain to eke out a bad line for a young worshipper of the nine. He has never even dreamed of the points of the "triangle," a mystery that none but the initiated can comprehend. He has never, in all probability, had depicted upon the retina of his eye, or on the canvass of his imagination, a certain huge arm-chair which has full oft supported the writhing body of a critic in all the contortions of hopeless despair, while an essay, or poem, or tale, or review, lay mangled before him, and a rhyming dictionary beside him. These are matters which have been profound secrets up to the present day. We mention them now, because we are unwilling that any of our good friends and correspondents should labor under so fatal a delusion; and more especially for the benefit and edification of those who may succeed us in the *high* and *responsible* office of editing the HARVARD REGISTER.

POETRY.

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS.

In this broad temple, which the Almighty hand
Has decked with all the beautiful and grand—
Where lofty mountains rear their shaggy brows,
Wreathed with a crownlet of eternal snows,

Where trackless forests wave their branches high,
Their bright green blending with the dark blue sky—
Where inland seas lift up their trumpet voice,
And in their pride of conscious power rejoice—
Where mighty streams to swell old ocean throng,
And scatter gladness, as they dance along—
Where fertile plains expand their ample breast,
In all the brightest hues of Nature drest—
Here, in a scene of broad magnificence,
Stampt with the glowing foot-prints of Omnipotence,
The Pilgrims' altar rose—their voice of prayer
Went up to Heaven upon the wings of air,
And mingled with the universal song,
That rose from choral Nature's tuneful tongue—
The voice of rills, that raised their shouts of gladness,
And pranced and rippled on in merry madness—
With the deep thunders of the torrent's roar,
That speaks, in sterner tones, the Almighty's power—
With the sweet strain, that floats upon the breeze,
When zephyrs whisper to the listening trees—
With that soft voice beyond the minstrel's strain,
That swells from every hill, glen, forest, plain,
When Nature, with her countless myriads, glows
With grateful praise to Him, from whom her beauty flows.
'Twas in this land, fresh as when youthful Time
First plumed his pinions at Creation's prime,
Remote from *tainted* man, devoid the stain,
That dimmed that elder world beyond the main,
Our Fathers dwelt—how could they but inhale
The Liberty, that breathed in every gale?
They drank her spirit in, like vital air;
Each bounding pulse confessed its presence there.

M. B.

THE PAST.

THERE is a gently soothing voice that comes
And speaks in lowest whispers, of what was
But is no more, in deeply moving converse.
For 'tis the mild yet solemn spirit from
The long gone days, and with its mournfulness
It calls a multitude of shadowy forms
Of what has filled the busy past, as if
Those scenes were conjured back to bright reality.
When life first opes in its gay spring, how fair
How beautiful the young and bounding spirit
Deems all that meets its gaze; it rushes forth
In the infantine boldness of young years,
When all seems pure and holy, as we read
Of Eden, and no guile and hollowness
Disturb the happy dreams that gaily dance
Before the eye of untaught fancy, glowing
As with the hues of immortality.
There is a deep-felt joyousness in youth
E'er the cold hand of time hath writ upon
The brow of man "life's roseate spring is flown."
The morning of a summer day, all clear
And cloudless, Nature's hour of renovation
Beneath the golden sheen of eastern skies,
Is the bright emblem of our life's young bloom,
And of those brighter, happier days, when time
Shall fade in glorious immortality. P. Q.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

[The following mathematical question was received some time since, but on account of being misplaced, was omitted in the last numbers.]

Required that situation of a ball rolling down the quadrant of a circle, by the force of the attraction of gravitation, in which the perpendicular velocity will be a maximum? B.

A solution is requested.

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR COMMENCEMENT, AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, AUG. 29, 1827.

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.

1. A Salutatory Oration in Latin.—Epes Sargent Dixwell, *Boston.*
2. A Conference. "Actions, Words, Manners, and Expression of Countenance, as indicative of Character."—Charles Andrews Farley, *Boston;* George Augustus Meredith, *Raleigh, N. C.;* William Powell Perkins, *Boston;* John Turner Sargent, *Cambridge.*
3. A Literary Inquiry. "The Effects of the Crusades."—Arnold Francis Welles, *Boston.*
4. A Conference. "Slavery among the Ancients, in the Feudal Ages, and in Modern Times."—Thomas Dwight, *Springfield;* John Henry Warland, *Cambridge;* Horatio Wood, *Newburyport*
5. A Forensic Disputation. "Whether a State have a right to recede from the Union."—John Hubbard Eaton, *Boxford;* Edward William Hook, *Castine, Me.*
6. A Colloquial Discussion. "The Standard of Taste."—Henry Russell Cleveland, *Lancaster;* Charles Cushing Paine, *Boston.*
7. A Dissertation. "The Benefit accruing to an individual from a knowledge of the Physical Sciences."—James Lloyd English, *Boston.*
8. A Conference. "The Poets of England, Spain, France, and Italy."—George Bartlett, *Plymouth;* Benjamin Varnum Crowninshield, *Salem;* Francis Dwight, *Springfield;* Charles Ritchie. *Boston.*
9. A Poem.—Samuel M. E. Kittle, *Dorchester.*
10. A Literary Discussion. "Changes in English Style, since the time of Milton."—Edmund Quincy, *Boston;* John Winslow Whitman, *Boston.*
11. An Oration in English. "Of Living in Times of great Intellectual Excitement."—William Augustus Stearns, *Bedford.*
12. A Deliberative Discussion. "Comparative advantages of Politics and Literature, as Professions in this Country."—William Hathorne Brooks, *Salem;* Cornelius Conway Felton, *Saugus.*
13. An Oration in English. "The Diffusion of Scientific Knowledge among the People."—Edmund Lambert Cushing, *Lunenburg.*
14. A Dissertation. "Prospects of Young Men in the different Learned Professions."—Seth Sweetser, *Newburyport.*
15. An Oration in English, in which the Founders and Benefactors of the University are commemorated.—Thomas Davis, *Boston.*

Exercises of Candidates for the Degree of Master of Arts.

1. An Oration in English. "The Importance of Efforts and Institutions for the Diffusion of Knowledge."—Mr. Edward Bliss Emerson, *Boston.*
2. A Valedictory Oration in Latin. Mr. Elias Hasket Derby. *Boston.*